Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes heere?

Enter the Queene and the Duchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?
Qu, Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.
Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu, Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him,
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:
Qu, Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to
That Dogge that had his teeth before
To worry lambes, and lap their gentle
That foule defacer of Gods handy worl
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to ou
O vpright, iust, and true disposing Go
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bod
And make her pue-fellow with others
Dut. O, *Harries* wife, triumph not in
God witnesse with me I haue wept fo
Qu, Mar. Beare with me I am hungry
And now I cloie me with beholding i
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *E*
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because b
Match not the high perfection of my lo
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *E*
And the beholders of this tragicke pla
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaug*
Vntimely smothered in their duskie g
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligen
Onely reserued their factor to buy sou
And send them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied enc
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I p
That I may liue to say the Dog is dea
Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time
That I should wish for thee to helpe m
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-
Qu Mar. I call thee then vaine flou
I call thee then poore shaddow paint
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pag
One heau'd a high to be hurled downe
A mother onely, mockt with two swe
A dreame of which thou wert, a bre

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)